

The CAMBRIDGSHIRE Tragedy.



GOOD Christian People all, pray lend an Ear,
Unless you've Hearts of Stone, you will draw near,
To hear the Misery of the distress'd and poor,
Which I shall to you all lay down before.

She Story's true, which I shall now relate,
A labouring Man, whose Family is great,
Four Sons he had, besides a Daughter small,
They out aloud each Day for Bread did call.

Last Winter being very cold and hard,
They pawn'd and sold, at last was almost starv'd;
The Children to their Mother daily cry'd,
Dear Mother, for us all some Bread provide:

We have had none for these two Days past,
A long while Mother, it is for us to fast;
We hope, dear Mother, some way you will find out,
Another day we can not go without.

The tender Mother, in a Flood of Tears,
Wringing her Hands, cry'd out, my Children dear.
Alas! alas! oh, Lord, what shall I do,
To get some Bread, my Infants dear, for you?

In the mean time, the Father he came in,
The Wife in Tears she then her Hands did wring;
My Husband dear, alas what shall we do?
My Childrens cries for Bread, my Heart goes thro'

He then, poor Man, was ready for to found,
And on his Knees he fell upon the Ground:
Then cry'd, dear heavenly Lord, pray hear my Cry,
Let not my Children perish, starve and die.

But in they heavenly Mercy, Lord, find out
Some way for me, poor Soul, to go about,
Some Bread for my dear Children to provide;
Good heavenly God, be thou to me a Guide,

Which way it is that I my Food must get,
For my dear Family some Bread to get,
Who does with Hunger daily loudly cry,
Oh! help dear Lord! or else my Children die.
He then did take his Leave, and thus did say,
Good Wife and Children, on your Knees go pray,
To the great God, for his Assistance kind,
And then, no fear, but we shall Comfort find.
He from his House, alas, poor Man went out,
Sorely afflicted, and wandering about,
While they upon their Knees aloud did call
To God, for his Assistance to them all.

PART II.

PRAY now behold the Father full of Grief,
Wandering about, alas, to find Relief,
But finding none, he fell into a Sound,
And in this case he lay upon the Ground.

As thus he lay, a Gentleman came by
On Horseback, and by Chance did him espy.
There as he lay bleeding upon the Ground,
The Sight, alas, his Heart did deeply wound.

His Horse he quitted in a little Space,
Lifting him up, he rubb'd his Hands and Face,
At length he did perceive some Breath,
The Lord be prais'd, I have preserv'd from Death,

My Fellow-creature in his deep Distress.
The Cause of this, indeed, I cannot guess.
The poor Man he then lifted up his Eyes,
And said, I hope the Lord has heard my Cries.

Good, Sir, said he, my Family is great,
And for some Days have had no Food to eat,
And I alas, been seeking up and down,
But to my Sorrow have no Comfort found.

Alas, said he, poor Man, is this your Case,
Get up behind me, shew to me the Place
Where thy distressed Family doth lie
With God's Assistance, for Want they shall not die.

Then up he got, and soon they did get home,
When they approach'd the door, the dismal Groan
The Gentleman was griev'd for to hear,
The Children cry'd, some Bread, my Farther dear,

Seeing the Mother, and her Children dear,
Surrounding him in mighty Floods of Tears,

His Heart was wounded with the Sight to see,
Could not forbear, but wept most bitterly.

Then in his Pocket strait his Hand he put,
Both Gold and Silver a Handful he took out,
Saying good Woman, pray now go and buy
Provisions for your wanting Family.

The little Girl stood by, and saw the Gold,
Lift up her Hands, and said, good Lord behold,
Our guardian Angel unto us is come,
To save us all from this our perishing Doom.

This Gentleman with Wonder was amaz'd,
And for some time upon the Child he gaz'd,
To see an Infant with such Thoughts inspir'd,
Her early Piety he much admir'd.

He said this Child's a Wonder of her Age,
So young with heavenly Thoughts for to engage:
Pray give her Learning, to School now let her go,
That she our Saviour Christ may truly know.

Then on their bended Knees they all did fall,
Returning Thanks to God and all,
Saying, we hope God will increase your Store,
That's been so liberal to us that's poor.

The Woman to the Market strait did hie,
And there Provisions straitway she did buy,
For her Husband and her Children dear,
Saying, now our drooping Spirits, Lord, we'll cheer.

But first return our Thanks unto the Lord,
Next to the Gentleman, with one accord,
For the great Mercy which to us he has shewn,
Thy mighty Blessing Lord, we will make known.

The Gentleman indeed did stay to see,
The Woman come home unto her Family;
And when she came, they on the Food did fall,
But first for a Blessing to the Lord did call.

The little Girl she cry'd, the Lord be prais'd,
To save us from the greedy Jaws of Death.
Let's praise his holy Name while we have Breath.

Now I will go, but take Care of this Child,
Who is in Nature seeming meek and mild,
And I will call next time I do come by,
And hear how this dear Child does edify.

They all return'd him thanks upon their Knees;
He said, arise, for this does not me please:
Give God the Thanks, for he's the only giver,
And blessed be his holy Name for ever.

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